

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1813.

[NO. 28.

FITZALBERT AND OLIVIA.

(Continued from our last.)

THE Park, as Fitzgerald's seat was named, was situated in a charming country a few miles distant from a large provincial town, remarkable for its excellent society, which was constantly enlivened by the addition of a number of military men, quartered in the city, and several dashing females, whose finances were too limited to enable them to figure in the fashionable circles in the capital; but who contrived, by various ways and means, to live in a splendid manner in the place alluded to.

With some of these ladies, Olivia had, the preceding summer, formed an acquaintance; and on her return to the Park she became particularly intimate with one of them, a gay, lively widow, of the name of Musgrave, who had resided for some time in —, gave balls, *dejeunes*, *petits soupers*, &c. &c. dressed expensively, occasionally played high, and often lost her money; yet nobody could tell how she supported her expensive mode of living, for she was not supposed to have a large income, nor any visible means of adding to her finances. Her bills, however, were all regularly discharged, her domestics paid, every demand punctually satisfied; and, as she gave the most elegant entertainments of any person in the place, was ever lively, animated, and tolerably decorous in her behaviour, she was visited by every body, admired, praised, followed, and universally allowed to be, "one of the most fascinating, charming creatures in existence." —With Olivia, she had ingratiated herself by flattering her vanity, and listening to her complaints of Fitzalbert's love of retirement, and what she termed the moroseness of his disposition; and they had become nearly inseparable, when the incident just hinted at dissolved the compact, and terminated an acquaintance which to Olivia had been productive only of a short-lived gratification, succeeded by endless regrets, and unavailing self-reproaches.—But to our tale.

Returning one day from riding, as Fitzalbert was entering the hall, he was met by Olivia and a Colonel Herbert an artful, insinuating, libertine, who had for some time paid her marked attention, and to whose society she had evinced a more than ordinary preference.—"I am just going to dine with my friend, Mrs. Musgrave," said Olivia, in a hurried accent, "and the colonel has kindly undertaken to be my escort.—Our guests have all left us, and I am ennuied to death at home alone, so I accepted the charitable invitation of my charming friend, who, with her usual promptitude and kindness, has formed a little party at her delightful cottage on the banks of the river, solely, as she says in her note, for my amusement."

"She is extremely kind and considerate," replied Fitzalbert, contemptuously.

"She expects you will join us at dinner, and I hope, dear Edward, you will lay aside

those gloomy looks, and follow the colonel and myself as speedily as possible; our fair hostess will welcome you with pleasure."

"Perhaps not," returned Fitzalbert, sternly. "Perhaps your friend, madam, may not account your husband equally a welcome guest, and as you have chosen Colonel Herbert for your escort, you can have no occasion for my attendance also."

"I feel particularly grateful for the honour your lady has conferred on me," replied the gallant son of Mars, with a smile, that conveyed more meaning in his words than met the ear, "and I shall undoubtedly do all in my power to evince my high sense of the obligation."

"Doubtless you will," answered Fitzalbert, while a glow of indignation flushed his cheek, "and I too, should not be insensible to the disinterested attentions you bestow upon my wife, who will please however to recollect," he added, turning to Olivia, "that no woman has a right to encourage intimacies which her husband disapproves; nor persist in a line of conduct which must ultimately tend to the destruction of his peace, and the ruin of her own reputation."

"I really do not understand you," said Olivia, blushing deeply as she spoke; "this is language to which I have not been accustomed, and I know not to what it can be attributed."

"I grieve to be under the necessity of informing you then, madam, that for some time past your conduct has afforded me just grounds of displeasure. I have endeavoured to withdraw you from your follies by gentle methods; but the attempt has been fruitless: and I now feel it an indispensable duty I owe myself, to have recourse to more efficient measures."

"That is as you please," replied Olivia, with an insulting laugh; "but ere you proceed to extremities, permit me to remind you, sir, I consider myself at perfect liberty to visit whom I please, and under whatever escort I may deem agreeable; besides, let me assure you, I am not of a temper to submit tamely to harshness, which will only serve to irritate, in place of remedying the evil you complain of."

"Neither am I to be trifled with; and I therefore command you, madam, to remain at home this evening, or return here no more."

"The decision is easy," said Olivia, "and I am prepared for it. At present I perceive you are out of humour; but when you are in a more agreeable frame of mind, I hope you will follow us to my friend's:—till then, adieu." Then gaily presenting her hand to the colonel, the giddy Olivia stepped into the carriage, and with her artful conductor was driven from the door, leaving Fitzalbert a prey to rage, jealousy, and distraction of mind; resolving at one moment to follow the infatuated woman, and make a sacrifice to his injured honour of the person he believed to be her paramour; at the next, determining to await the issue of the affair in silence, and seek redress in the laws of his country.

While thus undecided and unhappy, his most intimate friend and near relation, Sir Charles Manley, happened to arrive at the park; and on being admitted to Fitzalbert's presence, instantly perceived his uneasiness; when entreating to be made acquainted with its cause, he was informed of Olivia's imprudence, and apparent guiltiness, with every circumstance which could lead to the belief of Fitzalbert's being one of the most ungratefully requited, injured mortals in the universe. Sir Charles was a man of honourable principles, and possessed, with a high sense of propriety in every situation, the strictest notions relating to female behaviour.—He saw, and felt, for the distress of Fitzalbert; and he could not but agree in opinion with him, that there was only one line of conduct to be pursued, which as Fitzalbert declared himself determined to adopt, he offered to carry a message to the colonel, and arrange every point for a speedy meeting of the parties.

Sir Charles accordingly repaired to Mrs. Musgrave's, and asking to speak with Colonel Herbert, the "gay Lothario," quitted the side of Olivia, and joined the baronet in another room; when learning the cause of his visit, and far from feeling surprise at it, he agreed to meet Fitzalbert on the following morning, and grant the satisfaction he demanded for his supposed dishonour.

As the colonel was not deficient in personal courage, nor averse to signalizing himself in the same manner he had done on several similar occasions, in which he had proved successful, he experienced no uneasiness, nor betrayed any symptom of embarrassment on rejoining the party with whom he passed the evening with his usual gaiety, and indifferent to what had already taken place, or might occur in the space of a few hours more; an indifference founded on his total disbelief of a future state of reward or punishment, and a confidence springing from the certainty of his superior skill as a marksman. Before the party broke up, however, he excused himself from remaining longer, and retired on the plea of business of considerable importance; while Olivia remained to pass the night at her friend's, who on her part suffered not the infatuated woman to bestow a moment on reflection, nor permitted an opportunity to escape of widening the breach, which the colonel hastily informed her had taken place betwixt Olivia and her husband. To Mrs. Musgrave this was a circumstance that afforded unspeakable gratification; for she had the multiplied incentives of humbling a rival beauty, reducing a virtuous woman to a level with herself, and revenging the indifference Fitzalbert had repeatedly manifested to her advances and allurements; while she likewise obliged her friend and co-adjutor, Colonel Herbert, by endeavouring to promote his designs against the honour of Olivia.

Mrs. Musgrave was a woman of respectable connections, and in early life had been genteelly educated, in the expectation of inheriting a considerable fortune; but the unlooked-for

bankruptcy of her father, who was in the mercantile line, destroyed, all her prospects of independence; and she shortly afterwards became the wife of a subaltern in the army, whose heart, as he was much attached to her, she was reported to have broken by her bad conduct, and at whose decease she found herself reduced to live upon a slender pittance, ill-suited to the habits of expence and luxury she had long indulged, and without which existence would have proved to her a state of burdensome insipidity. To remedy this evil became her care, and for that purpose she summoned all her large stock of hypocrisy and dissimulation; and well aware that the appearance of independence passes often with the world for its reality, she commenced her operations by engaging a genteel ready-furnished house in —, which being a place much frequented by the military, and having to boast of excellent society amongst the inhabitants, was well suited to her purpose. To her establishment she added a smart footman, arrayed in a showy livery; and taking special care not to permit her credit to become suspected by delays in the discharge of her accompts, she was generally supposed to be in possession of a comfortable independence.

(To be continued.)

THE FORTUNATE WIFE.

A TRUE HISTORY.

(Continued.)

THE two lovers were in consequence married; and lived together in perfect enjoyment of conjugal felicity during several years. Her husband, by dint of valour and skill in his branch of military knowledge, distinguished himself on a variety of occasions; and would probably have risen very high, had he not been unfortunately slain in Germany, in the course of the last war.

Edward was in the flower of his age when he fell. She became of course a young widow in the bloom of life.

As they had been models of conjugal duty on each side, they were the praise and admiration of all who knew them. Their many virtues and excellent qualities, their accomplishments of every denomination had raised their character to the highest summit of respect.

Whoever survived of such a pair, could not fail of meeting with devoted admirers. The young lady did not accordingly remain long without the most advantageous offers, some of them from persons of the very first distinction.

But as merit alone had determined her first choice, so she seemed as resolutely bent to adhere to the same rule, where she to chuse a second time.

As her own father, and her late husband's were both dead, she was mistress of herself without controul; and could follow her inclinations, without apprehensions of disobligeing those whom she had always studied peculiarly to please.

Among the gentlemen of her husband's acquaintance, there was one whom, next to himself, she had treated with most friendship—He was of the same age, and resembled him in many respects. He too had been an officer; but had quitted the service, on his receiving a wound in his leg, that without laming him, still prevented his moving with that speed and activity which military service requires. Darcy was very agreeable in his person, possessed an uncommon share of understanding, excel-

lently cultivated by study and literature: his disposition was full of good nature and jocundity, and his manners were entirely genteel and unaffected.

His circumstances indeed were not affluent: a small patrimony, and a moderate pension enabled him to subsist with care and economy; but his mind was endowed with those great substitutes for all deficiencies, temperance and moderation.

Such was the person, on whom, unknown to himself, she thought proper to fix an eye of preference to the various addresses of which she began to be heartily tired.

Darcy so little expected the honour she intended him, that he was preparing to retire into Languedoc, the cheapest province in France, in order to enjoy his scanty pittance with more comfort; when he found himself diverted from his journey, in a manner equally agreeable and surprising.

Darcy had always testified a warm friendship for her late husband, while their circumstances were on a parity. After his marriage, the connection had continued, with this singular instance of disinterestedness on the part of the survivor, that notwithstanding the repeated proffers of pecuniary services from his friend, he had declined them; not from sullenness and weak pride, but from the good order and regulation with which he managed his own affairs.

With this nobleness of soul the lady was thoroughly acquainted, as well as with his many other valuable qualities. She also imagined that she had long discovered in him something more than a mere friendly attachment.

In this conjecture she was not mistaken; women have certainly in these matters, a degree of penetration which often sees deeper into men than they are able, or perhaps willing to see themselves.

This, doubtless, is the cause of that ascendancy, which some women can obtain over any man they please.

(To be continued.)

ON THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF EARLY GENIUS.

EARLY prodigies, in the lower ranks of life, are seldom permanently successful; they are cried up one day, and cried down the next. Their productions rarely have that superiority which secures a fair preference in the great literary market. Their performances are perhaps said to be *wonderful, all things considered*, &c. Charitable allowances are made, the books are purchased by associations of complaisant friends, or opulent patrons, a kind of forced demand is raised; but this can be only temporary and delusive. In spite of bounties, and of all the arts of protection, nothing but what is intrinsically good will long be preferred, when it must be purchased. But, granting that positive excellence is attained, there is always danger that, for works of fancy, the taste of the public may suddenly vary; there is a fashion in these things; and when the mode changes, the mere literary manufacturer is thrown out of employment: he is unable to turn his hand to another trade, or to any but his own peculiar branch of the business.

The powers of the mind are often partially cultivated in these self-taught geniuses. We often see that one part of their understanding is nourished to the prejudice of the rest—the imagination, for instance, at the expence of the judgment; so that whilst they have ac-

quired talents for show, they have none for use. In the affairs of common life they are utterly ignorant and imbecile—or worse than imbecile. Early called into public notice, probably before their moral habits are formed, they are extolled for some play of fancy, or of wit: as Bacon calls it, some *juggler's trick of the intellect*: immediately they take an aversion to plodding labour; they feel raised above their situation: possessed by the notion that *genius* exempts them not only from labour, but from vulgar rules of prudence, they soon disgrace themselves by their conduct, are deserted by their patrons, and sink into despair, or plunge into profligacy.

A LOVER ENTANLED BY HIMSELF.

THE Rev. Jeremiah White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, and one of the chief wits of the court, was so ambitious as to pay his addresses to the Lady Frances, Oliver's youngest daughter. The lady did not discourage him; but in so religious a court this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The Protector was told of it, and was much displeased: he ordered the informer to keep a strict watch, promising to reward him if he could prove his assertions. In a short time the spy dogged his reverence to the lady's chamber, and ran directly to the Protector, to acquaint him that they were together. Oliver hastened to the chamber, and suddenly entering, caught the gentleman on his knees, kissing the lady's hand. Oliver, in a rage, asked what was the meaning of that proceeding. Master White, with great presence of mind, said, "May it please your Highness, I have a long while courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's attendant, and cannot prevail; I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." The Protector, turning to the young woman, cried, "What is the meaning of this, hussy? why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? he is my friend, and I expect you would treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, replied, with a very low courtesy, "If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him."—"Sayst thou so, my lass," cried Cromwell; "call Godwyn, this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room." Mr. White was gone too far to go back; his brother parson came: Jerry and my lady's woman were married in presence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion, which, with what she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances; but he never loved his wife, nor she him, though they lived afterwards together near fifty years.

MADAME ROLAND,

WHEN she was led to execution, exclaimed, as she passed the statue of liberty! "Oh liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

COMPANY AND BOOKS.

FORMERLY it was wisely said, "Tell me what company a man keeps, and I will tell you what he is," but since literature has spread a new influence over the world, we must add, "Tell me what company he has kept, and what books he has read, and I will tell you what he is."

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE,
OF THE ABBE DE RANCE,
The Founder of the celebrated Convent of Latraps, in
France.

THE ABBE DE RANCE, who, though a priest, had, even from his youth, been led and domineered by that spirit of dissipation and profligacy which characterizes the deluded votaries of worldly pleasures, owed his conversion to the following interesting and melancholy circumstances:—Rance had long kept a secret intrigue with the beautiful Countess of N—, whom he tenderly loved. That lady, once when he had been absent for some time from the place where she lived, was taken with such a violent illness, that she almost suddenly died. Some days after Rance returned, and, ignorant of what had happened in his absence, as usual, repaired at night, by a private door, to the countess's chamber: he entered it with all the glowing eagerness of impatient love, and there, by the gloomy twinkling of a solitary lamp, he beheld a spectacle, even beyond all what death can present of most awful and terrible. The coffin that had been made for the countess being too short, her head had been, with the most savage brutality, severed from the body; and that head, ghastly, dishevelled, and still reeking with blood, was carelessly thrown on the toilet, whilst the coffin, into which the mutilated corpse had been forced, was open to the view. At this lamentable sight, the heart of the unfortunate man sunk within him, and it was but from the sudden tremor that so convulsively shook his whole frame, that he could collect sufficient strength to retire from the scene of complicated horror. In the death of his beloved mistress, Rance was so tremendously struck with the uncertainty and vanity of life, that, from that very moment, he abandoned a delusive world, whose highest enjoyments are but the transitory shade of a moment, and which seems to exalt our hope, but to make us the more severely feel all the bitterness of disappointment. Wretchedness and remorse will, instinctively, turn the wandering steps of the worldly and profligate to the consoling and forsaken path of religion, the heavenly spirit of which can alone soothe the perturbed mind, and heal the wounded heart: thus Rance retired into a deep solitude, and, some years after, founded the convent of Latraps, where he lived and died in penitence and sanctity. Most of the monks of that celebrated convent had been like Rance, brought to a sense of religion by some unexpected and extraordinary reverse. Their discipline was more severe than in any other religious institution, not only in France, but in all Christendom: and yet, notwithstanding the astonishing austerity of their lives, those who had, before the French revolution, visited Latraps, say that, even in the highest and most envied circles of life, they never witnessed countenances expressive of such ineffable contentment and peace, as was to be seen on the hallowed visages of those venerable anchorets. Some of them had, even for scores of years, bent their bodies under the lash of penitence, and bathed, with the daily tears of their contrite hearts, those sacred avenues to awful eternity.

OATHS.

Mankind must have been convinced that they were *naturally dishonest*, when they invented oaths as the test of truth: they do not bind rogues, and good men have no sort of occasion for them.

USEFUL.

From the New-York Daily Gazette.

The following cures we received from a gentleman entitled to full credit, who assures us that he has witnessed the good effects of the medicine recommended—that for the dropsy is all important, as the use of it is certain to effect a cure.

A certain remedy for the Fever and Ague.

One ounce cream of Tartar, one ounce Peruvian bark, sixty cloves, to be made up into an electuary, and about the size of a nutmeg, to be taken every two hours during the intermission of fever.

Cure for the Dropsy.

Take Milkweed root, or Chickweed, plant, either of them, of which form a decoction, to be drank occasionally like tea. This simple remedy has cured many persons, in the very worst stage of the disorder.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

THE Swedish ship *Neptunus*, arrived last week at Boston in 36 days from Liverpool, brings news to the 26th of Sept. the most important of which is, That Dresden was taken by the allies, after a series of sanguinary engagements prior to the 13th of Sept. in which it is said Bonaparte was defeated with immense loss, and that he had retreated towards Magdeburg where it is expected he will concentrate his army.—It is also added, that the vice-roy of Italy has been defeated in Italy by the Austrians: and that the people of Hamburg were in high spirits at the prospect of their speedy deliverance from the French. Such is the news from Heligoland under date of Sept. 23, and brought to this country by the above ship.

We hear very little about our Ministers in Russia, tho' it is pretty certain now they did not quit that country as was mentioned some time ago.

A letter from Norfolk says, the enemy have taken possession of George's Island, which on account of its good water and convenience for committing depredations, it is probable they will winter there.

The Alexandria Gazette of Nov. 6, says, "a part of the enemy's blockading squadron, consisting of a frigate, brig, schooner, and sloop, made their appearance in the Potomac, and have committed more damage than the whole fleet did last July; that since the evening of the 28th ult. the Potomac may be said to have been on fire—vast columns of fire and smoke ascending from that time to the 2d inst. from every part of the river." From various quarters along the coast, we are sorry to hear of great destruction among the coasters by taking, burning, and ransoming some.

The schooner *Lovely Cordelia*, Capt. S. Sicard, has arrived at Charleston from a cruise of about 4 months near the Island of Jamaica, in which, it is said, she has destroyed fifteen sail of vessels, and manned a brig which was afterwards wrecked on the Florida Coast.

Accounts from the northern army, say that general Wilkinson, with the army under his command, began his movement from Genadier Island down the St. Lawrence, on the 31st of October—destination unknown.

General Harrison has arrived at Fort George with from 1500 to 200 men; and will probably soon move down the lake, as the whole of the enemy's force have retreated to Kingston, after burning all public property they could not carry away.

The corps which lately left Fort George under Col. Scott, of 850 men, has arrived at Sackett's Harbour.—The Colonel has proceeded to join General Wilkinson.

We have had various accounts, within a week, about an action said to have taken place not far from Montreal, between the army under gen. Hampton and the British troops under gen. Provost, about the 20th ult. This affair has been so variously stated, and no official account of it having been published, that we can say but little about it. It is said that gen. Hampton has returned to the Four Corners.

A Concord, (N. H.) paper states, that Montreal

was taken on the 5th inst. by the armies under Generals Wilkinson and Hampton, and that Gov. Prevost was retreating towards Quebec. Sunday's Steam-Boat from Albany, will confirm this intelligence if true.

A letter from St. Mary's to a gentleman in Savannah, says, "Information from a source that may be relied on has been received, that an attack on this part of the country, by the Indians, is intended early in November."

Two young gentlemen passed through Nashville (Ten.) from the south, who brought an account of a very stubborn battle having been fought between the Lower Creeks and the Georgians, at the Cuttawa town. The loss was very great on both sides, but the whites maintained the ground.

The Creek Indians, it is said, have laid waste their country, and secreted themselves in their pathless and almost impervious forests.

Advices from St. Louis, (U. C.) dated Oct. 9, say, that 20 men belonging to the Missouri Fur Company, went some time ago to hunt and trade with the Indians in the neighbourhood where the Columbia takes its rise: that unsuspecting of danger, while in the peaceful pursuit of their business, a party of Spaniards fired on them, killed 13, and sent the remaining 7 to the mines. It is also said that 10 Americans, trapping for beaver, were taken in the same neighbourhood by some Spanish troops, and sent to the mines.

Last Friday night, a week, as a party of eleven persons, from Fire Island, and its neighbourhood, east end of Long Island, were fishing for streaked bass, in attempting to throw the seine, by some mismanagement, the boat was upset, filled and sunk, and the whole eleven perished. Six of the deceased have left families.

Last Sunday afternoon an alarming fire broke out in the ship Chandlery Store of Messrs. I. L. & S. Hoyt, in Washington-street, opposite the new Bear-market, which, with most of its contents, was destroyed.—How the fire originated is not known.

Mr. William Handford of Lansingburg, last Wednesday evening at our Theatre, either lost or had his pocket book stolen. It contained cash to the amount of 3600 dollars; also, several notes of hand, one of E. & E. Janes, in favour of William Handford, for 100 dollars, and several smaller ones in favour of the same; Irving & Smith's check on one of the banks of this city for \$276 44, and Hyer & Bremner's check for \$15 50; also, a certificate for two shares in the Lansingburg bank; and two measurer's bills, one signed by Pearsall and one by Clark. Two hundred and fifty dollars reward is offered for the finding it, or the same sum may be retained by delivering it through the post office.

Mariages.

MARRIED,

By the Rev. Mr. Jarvis, Dr. Carlton G. Bayley, to Miss Grace Roosevelt, daughter of J. Roosevelt, Esq.

By the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. John Peters, merchant, to Miss Ann W. Lockwood, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Capt. Richard Rogers, to Miss Elizabeth Mills, both of this city.

By the Rev. John Williams, Mr. Wm. Clark, to Miss S. Reynolds, both of this city.

At Friends Meeting, in this city, Mr. John W. Powell of Westbury, Long Island, to Miss Sarah M. Johnson, daughter of Mr. William Johnson, of this city.

Obituary.

DIED,

Mrs. Sarah McCormick, wife of Mr. Charles McCormick.

Mr. James Stewart, of the house of Mills & Stewart, aged 35 years.

On the 8th. Mrs. Margaret, wife of Philip Miller, of Orange county.

At White Plains (Westchester county) of a lingering illness, Richard Hatfield, Esq. an old and respectable inhabitant of that place, aged 63 years.

At Terre-aux-Bœuf, Samuel Winter, Esq.

Lately, at Havanna, Capt. J. M. Levy, late of the U. S. Flotilla, Wilmington.

The city inspector reports the death of 80 persons, from Oct. 24, to Nov. 6, being two weeks.

Seat of the Muses.

REFLECTIONS

IN A CHURCH YARD.

BENEATH these turfs, these hillocks green,
Ah! think what mould'ring bodies lie;
Which once like us alive, were seen
To lightly laugh, or sadly sigh!

How many here the dead among,
Have doubtless walk'd amid these tombs,
With rosy cheek, and flippant tongue,
Unthoughtful of their certain dooms.

But now promiscuous side by side,
The gay, the grave, the vile, the vain,
Lie still—and still they must abide,
As well the pious as profane.

Alike in dust they mingle here;
Greatness has now forgot its pow'r;
The low no more the lordly fear,
Nor homage in this equal bow'r.

The saint, the sinner, friends, and foes,
The poor, the pious, young and old,
Alike these narrow tombs enclose,
And no distinction to behold.

Save what the power of pride uprears,
To keep alive the rich man's name;
His consequence to future years;
But why, ah! why, this wish for fame?

Was it his virtues made him great,
Or did his vices raise him high?
Then why this pageantry of state,
Only to let the victim die!

Is there more worth beneath this sod,
Than yonder, where no stone is seen?
Was he more faithful to his God,
More worthy to adorn the scene?

Or but to mock the mould'ring bone,
To tantalize the sleeping dust;
To say it lives, it breathes in stone,
To future days in marble bust?

Oh vanity, how vain art thou!
Couldst not thou living satiate
Thy inmost wonted pride, that now
Thy body here must rot in state?

The lowly stone more welcome is,
That love and kind affection rear,
To 'memorate the last sad kiss,
And monument the falling tear.

But I could wish the time might be,
That wealth might give the place to worth,
That pride should yield to piety,
And gold no more be priz'd on earth.

To those alone of virtuous fame,
Should monumental piles be given;
Whose rectitude deserves a name,
Befitting well the book of heaven.

STANZAS TO LOVE.

TELL me, Love, when I rove o'er some far distant plain,
Shall I cherish the passion that dwells in my breast;
Or will absence subdue the keen rigors of pain,
And the swift wing of time bring the balsam of rest?

Shall the image of him I was born to adore,
Inshrin'd in my bosom, my idol still prove;
Or, seduc'd by caprice, shall such feelings no more,
With the incense of truth, grace the altar of love?

When the shadows of twilight steal over the plain,
And the nightingale pours its lone plaint to the grove,
Ah! will not the fondness that thrills through the strain
Then recall to my mind his dear accents of love?

When I gaze on the stars that bespangle the skies,
Ah! will not their mildness some pity inspire?
Like the soul-touching softness that beam'd in his eyes
When the tear of regret chill'd the flame of desire.

Then spare, then, dear urchin, thou soother of pain,
Oh! spare the sweet picture engrav'd on my heart;
As a record of love let it ever remain;
My bosom the tablet, thy pencil a dart!

(SELECTED)

THE day-spring was clear, and the morning serene,
Not a cloud overshadow'd the sky,
The sun with mild radiance illumin'd the scene,
As he drove up his chariot on high.

With the matin of birds resounded each spray,
The lark soar'd aloft with his song;
With the hope that such bounties would last all the day,
I carelessly wander'd along.

But e'en while entranced in pleasure I pass'd,
A tempest the sky overspread,
The wind whistled loud, the storm pour'd fast,
Peals of thunder broke over my head.

As I mus'd o'er the prospect, so suddenly chang'd,
And sigh'd that such charms should decay,
What a picture of man's fading joy's I exclaim'd,
What an emblem of Life is a day!

In the morn of our days, gay and thoughtless of change,
With health and with innocence blest,
In Pleasure's sweet bower we carelessly range,
And hope that such scenes will e'er last.

But Friendship and Love's transient pleasures soon fade;
Age steals away joys one by one;
Care, trouble and sorrow our bosoms invade,
Till Death like a friend calls us home.

Morality.

CHRISTIANITY ON THE SIDE OF FEELING
AND HUMANITY.

Let those who incline to infidelity, remember that the dark and cold atmosphere into which they are about to plunge, will benumb their hearts, and deaden some of the most vivial sensibilities which refine and sweeten human nature. Infidelity, in its very best estate, is a region of despair. To talk of certainty or freedom from anxiety, when the authority of divine revelation is denied, is absurd. Who ever felt easy, while groping above a precipice amidst Egyptian darkness?

Infidelity wrenches asunder even the natural ties of the heart. I once knew an infidel—He never read a word in his bible for improvement; but used to snatch a few hasty perusals from different parts, on purpose to carp at them. This man was very fluent in his arguments and ridicule against that book. Having examined some tooth or nail in the system of religion, and darkly imagined it a defect, he consigned the whole body over to reprobation. Amidst his career, I watched the progress of his heart. I saw it daily petrifying. I saw the fever of passion cruelly drying up the life-blood of humanity. The widow and the orphan were roughly driven from his door; he would go and look upon the sick and wounded man, and pass by; the cry of distress vexed without afflicting him; he would glance at their smiles, and frown. The dominion of self encroached fast upon his heart, and he was hourly bending earthwards. At this period died his father. Like a thunder stroke it roused him from his lethargy. Along with the sorrow which gained admittance into this hardly susceptible soul, there rushed a few flashes of reflection; some broken rays of ideas on immortality, on punishment and reward, on heaven and hell; but he had been too long buried in darkness. His mental vision could not endure the sudden brilliancy of celestial truth, and he closed them in, despair: with hope fled even filial sorrow;—the grave of his father and friends was insulted with hallowed revelry, and peace never entered his own bosom, for he could not weep.

When Lazarus died, Jesus wept.

THE FORWARD AND THE BRAWLING,
HAS THE BEST CHANCE IN THIS WORLD.

An Italian Fable.

Four animals of different natures and humours; the stately horse; the ox, who serious and full of gravity, appeared a beast of quality; the timid sheep; and the long eared ass; were travelling together in a large sandy plain in search of adventures, and ready to die with hunger. At length, after a long journey, tired, distressed, and almost starved, and with very doleful visage, they came in sight of a pleasant, green, and well cultivated land. No sooner were the hungry company within ken, than each began to whet his teeth, when lo, as they drew near, they beheld the beautiful field surrounded on all sides by a large ditch and thick quickset, whilst more disastrous still, at the only entrance, sat an ill looking, sour, brawny muscled fellow of a farmer, with a stick in his hand, thick enough and long enough to drive away all love of eating in a moment. The generous steed, as soon as he beheld the club, found a *je ne scai quoi* rising in his stomach, which very soon gave him his dinner. The sheep trembled; the ox took time to think of it, but after a long deliberation, determined to keep at a distance from the stick. *Thus did they.*—But the ass, without thinking a minute about it, gave a leap and encountered the stick. In vain did the keeper bawl out, vain were the brandishments of his weapon, and vain their repeated falls on the hide of the animal, who keeping on his steady way, in spite of the horrid tempest falling on every side of him, found himself at length running about the flowery recess. There, lifting up his head in self exultation, and turning to his scornful friends, who looked upon the successes of the long-eared hero with envious eyes,—“Learn of me,” said he with a placid and composed countenance,—“learn of me! THUS IT IS THAT FORTUNES ARE MADE IN THIS WORLD.

Anecdotes.

COAT OF ARMS.

A gentleman having called a ticket porter to carry a message, asked his name; he said it was Russel. “And pray,” said the gentleman jocularly, “is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?” “As to our arms, your honour,” says the porter, “I believe they are pretty much alike, but there is a damned deal of difference between our coats.”

A COAT DUSTED.

A gentleman having called his servant to assist him in dressing, the man, who had been employed in some dirty work, came up all over dust. The master in a rage took up a cane, and was preparing to lay it over the fellow's back, when he cried out,—“Sir, Sir, if you wish to dust my coat, I beg I may take it off first.”

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